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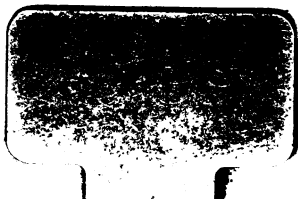
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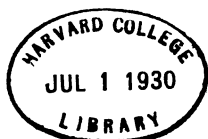
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P R E F A C E.

THE following Acrostics, which may, perhaps, claim the merit of being the first series that has appeared in a separate form, have been composed by their author under peculiar circumstances ; namely, to relieve some of the many unoccupied hours, that belong to that greatest of afflictions, the deprivation of sight.

Being of so unpretending a character, it is hoped that they will be looked on with leniency and forbearance by the eye of the critic.

A brief sketch of the history of Acrostic verse, (for which the author is mainly indebted to a friend) may be interesting to some of the readers of this little volume.

The word *Acrostic* is derived from the Greek *ακρος* extreme, and *στιχος* verse ; and means terminationary verse, distinguished by the letters commencing or ending the lines.

An Acrostic is defined to be an alphabetic verse, or line, or poem, in which the initial or final letters form the name or names of some thing or person. "The Acrostic" (says the London Cyclopaedia) "is obviously an artificial arrangement of poetry ; and has been fancifully, and even fantastically cultivated. Sometimes the Acrostic has been formed of the first letters of the line ; sometimes of the last ; sometimes of both ; sometimes it is to be read downwards ; sometimes upwards."

In tracing the history of Acrostics, authors are agreed that

they are very ancient. They have been employed in remote ages, by many nations, in their poetic compositions. This was done partly for the sake of ornament, and ingenuity; but principally to impress the memory, by means of alphabetic associations with the truths or facts contained in the verses.

The first form of Acrostic with which we are acquainted, is the purely alphabetic. The first Acrostics were made on the name or names of the alphabet; and it should be observed that the full name of the alphabet necessarily comprises the names of all its letters; for the word alphabet only sounds two of them, *Αλφα*, *Βετα*. Specimens of this kind of Acrostic occur in several of the Psalms of David, written nearly 1100 years before the Christian era. This (as Dr. Kitto observes) is a peculiarity which cannot be preserved in any ordinary translation; but it is indicated in Psalm cxix. as found in the common Bibles; and may be seen in Psalms xxv., xxxiv., xxxvii., cxi., cxii., and cxlv. Other specimens of Acrostics are found in Proverbs xxxi. 10—31.; and in the Lamentations of Jeremiah. It should be added that one form of the Jewish Cabala is essentially Acrostic; for the Cabalists, in their method of Notaricon, suppose that many of the words of Scripture are Acrostics, or composed of the initial letters of other words. They also used Acrostic abbreviations of names. Thus, Ritba (the commentator on Maimonides) is a name composed of the initials of his full title, which is Rabbi Iom Tov Bar Abraham. We give this curious illustration of a similar device prevalent among the early Christians. The Greek word *Ιχθυς* (fish) represented to their fanciful minds, the initial letters of *Ιησους* Jesus, *Χριστος* Christ, *Θεος* God, *Υιος* Son, *Σωτηρ* Saviour. This method of Acrostics has often been adopted in systems of artificial memory.

Ancient Acrostics also exist in the Greek language. There are two examples of this nature in the Greek anthology, in honour of Bacchus and Apollo. Some of the poems of the Sybilline Prophecies, indicate the same form of composition.

In the Latin language, also, Acrostics prevailed in ancient times. This appears from a passage of Cicero, in his Treatise on Divination. "The verses of the Sybils (said he) are distinguished by that arrangement which the Greeks call Acrostic; where, from the first letters of each verse in order, words are formed which express some particular meaning; as is the case with some of Ennius's verses, [the initial letters of which make "*which Ennius wrote!*"]

Latin Acrostics were made by Optianus, who flourished in the 4th century; by Sedulius and Ausonius; by Adhelm, who flourished in the 8th century, and by numerous subsequent Latin poets. The following is a curious specimen of a Latin Acrostic, forming a square of five words, which may be read forwards or backwards, upwards or downwards, producing the same syllables, with the same sense:—

S	A	T	O	R
A	R	E	P	O
T	E	N	E	T
O	P	E	R	A
R	O	T	A	S

A wag has translated this: "The sower Arepo keeps wheel works."

Very early specimens of Acrostics also exist in the English language; examples of which often occur in the complimentary verses prefixed to old books. An ingenious variety, sometimes styled a *Telestick*, is that in which the letters beginning the lines spell a word, while the letters ending the lines, when taken together, form a word of an opposite meaning. Thus:—

Unite and untie are the same—so say yo U.
 Not in wedlock, I ween, has this unity bee N.
 In the drama of marriage each wandering goû T,
 To a new face would fly—all except you and I—
 Each seeking to alter the *spell* in their scen E.

During the 17th century, poetasters loved to divert themselves by twisting their verses into various strange devices, expressive of their themes ; such as fans, altars, angels, temples, and many more such. Their delight was, as Dryden expresses it :—

“There thou mayst wings display, and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.”

We have only space to give one more recent Acrostic on the word *News*.

N orth sends us much of great import ;
E ast in importance falls not short ;
W est is as worthy of renown ;
S outh has with deeds of glory shone.

In the following series of Acrostics, the dates of birth and death, together with appropriate mottoes, have been prefixed to each name ; and a chronological arrangement has been adopted, as the most useful and interesting plan.

C. V. G.

CLIFTON, 1855.

DEDICATION

TO

G uardian and gentle guide of my dark way,
E ver " a ministering angel thou !"
R endering more cheerful many a weary day :
T o thee is due this humble tribute now,
R ichly deserv'd by thee, for thou has oft
U sed thy neat pen in copying this my verse,
D rawing rich stores from books in accents soft ;
E lse had these simple rhymes not known so kind a nurse.



A CENTURY OF ACROSTICS.

"CHOOSE FOR THY COMMAND
SOME PEACEFUL PROVINCE IN ACROSTIC LAND."

DRYDEN.

HOMER.

B. C. 800 or 900.

"Great Homer, too, appears, of daring wing,
Parent of song."—THOMSON.

How wondrous are thy strains of Grecian glory,
Oldest and grandest Bard of Epic story;
Milton's great self, like thee, depriv'd of sight,
E'en he—not more majestic in his flight:
R eft thus in vain were both,—the mind how doubly
bright!

CICERO.

 B. C. 106—43.

"And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero."—BYRON.

CHIEF of the orators of stately Rome,
 In her fam'd Forum none like thee has come.
 Calm philosophic reasoning, learning's grace,
 Eloquence lofty, pathos, wit, we trace.
 Rapt in delight, from youth we scan thy page,
 Only to prize it more, in more reflective age.

 VIRGIL.

 B. C. 70—19

"He who sublime in Epic numbers roll'd."—BYRON.

"Arms and the Man in golden cyphers shone."

POPE—"Temple of Fame.

VERSE, of most finish'd and majestic strain,
 In Latin Epic gives thee rightful reign;
 Raising thee to a place in that small band,—
 Great Homer, mighty Milton, on each hand:
 In pastoral charms, and rural scenes, thy Muse
 Loves, too, to linger, bright with nature's hues.

HORACE.

B. C. 66—9.

"Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,
Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce."—BYRON.

How many a fond admirer hast thou had !
Oft did thy wit make great Augustus glad.
Rich morsels of rare wisdom, pointed, terse,
Amid the charms of thy sweet lyric verse,
Call forth our wonder and delight the while,
E'en as we revel in thy racy style.

MAHOMET.

A. D. 570—632.

"Mohammed born for love and guile."—MOORE.

MIGHTY Impostor, and false Prophet thou !
A rich hypocrite, 'fore whom e'en nations bow.
Heaven and the houris promising to those
O'erwhelm'd by fate whilst warring 'gainst thy foes.
Mecca's fam'd shrine is still thy boast and shame,
Enthusiast dupes there flock thy aid to claim ;
Thy end was yet most mean, spite of thy prophet fame.*

* Mahomet is reported to have died from the effects of poison,
given him by a girl, to test his prophetic power and divine mission.
See Chalmers' Biograph. Dict.

ALFRED.

 849—900.

“England,
Thy sons of glory many ! ALFRED thine,
In whom the splendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine.”—THOMSON.

A MIGHTY people calls and owns thee “Great :”
Looking with pride on deeds that justice know
For all alike, when first a jury sate.
Rose, too, thy might upon the Danish foe :
Each glorious action of thy reign’s bright whole,
Deep impress leaves behind of nobleness of soul.

 HAMLET.

(No. 1.)

“Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ?”—SHAKESPEARE.

HIGH intellect, refinement, princely grace,
Added to perfect mould of form and face,
Mark thee,—“of all observers the observ’d ;”
Life yet to thee was marr’d, thy soul unnerv’d ;
E’en as a harp by some rude hand unstrung,
Thou wert on trouble’s sea too harshly, roughly flung.

DARING thy genius! mighty though it be
A mid the '*Inferno*' such dread scenes to see,
Nobly, yet simply, thy great task is wrought;
Thy '*Comedy Divine*' with grandeur fraught
E'en light from mediæval darkness brought.

CHAUCER.

 1328—1400.

" . . . pure well of English undefil'd."—SPENSER.

"His legends blithe
He sang, of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life." AKENSIDE.

CHIEFTAIN and Father of our poet band,
How nobly dost thou take the foremost stand !
A mid thy 'Pilgrims' picturesquely wild,
Uttering pure streams of "English undefil'd."
Choice scenes of humourous life, antiquely quaint,
Each character life-like, not feebly faint,
Racy, fresh, vigourous, 'twas thine to paint.

 COLUMBUS.

 1437—1506.

"The hermit of that loneliest solitude,
The silent desert of a great New Thought!"—LOWELL.

CONSTANT to one magnificent Idea,
On—on—still flow'd thy mighty force of soul ;
Like the great ocean, o'er which thou didst steer,
Uttering his tempest voice, so, round thee roll
Mad waves of hate, dark clouds of angry scorn ;
Beams yet in thy far view the glorious goal ;
Under e'en threats of death the haven near
Seems ever—now is reach'd ! and a New World is born !

RAPHAEL.

APRIL 6, 1483—APRIL 6, 1520.

"His heavenly face the mirror of his mind,
His mind a temple for all lovely things."—ROGERS.

REGAL thy rank among that Painter band,
All, the proud sons of fair Italia's land;
Pictures inspir'd by sacred themes are thine;
How nobly do thy great 'Cartoons' outshine
All else, in grand and wonderful design:
Exalted title thus to thee is given,
Like what thou wrought'st 'Divine,' as caught from
Heaven.

LUTHER.

1483—1546.

"His grandeur he deriv'd from Heaven alone."—DRYDEN.

LION-like thy spirit rose
Upon Religion's fellest foes:
Thick darkness vanish'd, light outshone!
Hurling foul Error from her throne,
Exalting Truth's eternal claim:
Rome trembles still at thy great name.

OLD PARR.

1483—1635.

"My age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."—SHAKSPEARE.

PATRIARCH of the long-liv'd few!
A crostic verse to thee is due:
Rivals rare thy reign shall mar;
Rarely man e'en reaches *par*.*

* The Psalmist's fourscore years of labour and sorrow, may be taken as the *par* of the *funds* of life. Old Parr, who had attained the age of 152 years, 9 months, was exceeded by Henry Jenkins, who reached 169 years.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

1533—1603.

"The imperial votress passed on
In maiden meditation fancy-free."—SHAKSPEARE.

ENGLAND can boast but one great Maiden Queen.
Lofty thy mind, and of right royal mien.
In stirring, stormy times born to command,
Zealous to rouse the spirit of thy land.
A round thee, highest on Fame's muster-roll,
Bacon's great mind, and Shakspeare's mighty soul,
Eyed with calm gaze thy galaxy's bright whole.
Thy reign was one of splendour, and its fame
Hands down those 'merrie days' with thy proud name.

SPENSER.

 1533—1599.

"The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son;
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mases of enchanted ground."—THOMSON.

S TRAINS of rich music, in melodious flow,
 Pour on the ear, wafted from Faery-land;
 Enchantment seems a charm o'er all to throw:
 Ne'er love and chivalry, more gallant band
 Stirr'd up to knightly deeds, than thou dost shew.
 E'en now, in fancy's view, I see them stand—
 Romance's golden dream—wrought by a master-hand!

CERVANTES.

 1547—APRIL 23, 1616.

"A wight he was, whose very sight would
 Entitle him, Mirror of Knighthood!"—BUTLER'S HUPPIERAS.

CERTES thou wert a mighty clever wight,
 Enchanting all and disenchanting many.
 Romance's monstrous dreams thou putt'st to flight,
 Valourous knight-errant found himself a zany;
 Aye, castles huge, giants of old renown,
 Now has thy glorious *Don* with his quaint Squire,
 Through thy great Mock-heroic overthrown;
 Endless thy humour grave, thy wit's fine fire.
 Spain's greatest genius fitly did expire.*

* The author of *Don Quixote* died on the same day as Shakspeare.

BACON.

 1561—1626.

"The great deliverer He, who from the gloom
 Led forth the true Philosophy—
 Investigating sure the chain of things."—THOMSON.

B RIGHTEST gems of wisdom shine
 A mid thy pages—half divine—
 C lustering thickly, rich and rare :
 O racle—Philosopher !
 N one with thee may e'en compare !

 SHAKSPEARE.

(No. 1.)

 APRIL 23, 1564—APRIL 23, 1616.

"Is not wild Shakspeare ours and Nature's boast?"—THOMSON.

S WEETEST songster of the throng,
 H ow wildly rich thy charmed song !
 A round thee, in profusest showers,
 K ind Nature strews her choicest flowers :
 S he loves to see thee—hear thee—styl'd,
 P rince of all bards,—her darling child.
 E ver shall humble Stratford stand
 A mong the glories of our land,
 R ais'd into highest fame by thee,
 E xulting in thy memory.

SHAKSPEARE.

(No. 2.)

1564—1616.

"Nil ortum tale."—HORACE.

"The myriad-minded man."—COLERIDGE.

S ECOND to none art thou in genius bright,
 H igh boast is thine to be the world's delight;
 A round thee great and small enchanted stray,
 K indling their souls in thy ennobling ray;
 S triving thy wisdom's treasures to explore,
 P roud ever of its marvels to know more—
 E nshrin'd in sweetest poesy's bright blaze,
 A nd all the world of wit thy page displays.
 R esounding lands thee Nature's pride proclaim,
 E xulting to exalt our Bard's unrivall'd name.

HERBERT.

(No. 1.)

1593—1632.

"In wit a man, simplicity a child."—POPE.

H EAVENLIEST of 'Country Parsons,' meek, sincere,
 E ver has Walton made thy memory dear;
 R etir'd mid rural scenes from city strife,
 B emerton's joys and cares engross'd thy simple life.
 E ntranc'd oft-times in Sarum's beauteous fane,
 R apt in "a heaven on earth," chanting her choral strain;
 T hy fragrant spirit here still seems to breathe again.

Sarum, 1854.

GEORGE HERBERT.

(No. 2.)

1593—1632.

"Religion, dress'd in many a quaint display,
Thou teachest still, in novel antique way."—BARHAM.

Good Country Parson, cheerful, quaint,
Ever in thy life a saint,
O'er thy memory sweetly rise
Rare old Izaak's eulogies,
Giving us, in life-drawn hue,
Each lov'd feature to our view.

Holy Herbert, humble, mild,
E'en as simple as a child,
Ready thy bounty to dispense,
Beaming with benevolence,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
Rescuing the most distress;
Thy 'Temple' now is Heaven's bright rest.

HARVEY.

 1578—1657.

*"HARVEI magnum nomen laudesque manebunt,
Dum in gyris sanguis itque reditque suis."*

HIGH place is thine amongst the foremost few,
All, proud discoverers of truths great and new,
Rich benefit conferring on mankind,
Vast store of knowledge adding to the mind.
Exulting Bacon sees in thee a son ;
Years yet shall spread thy fame, while the blood
circles on.

Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood, in 1616, may be considered the first fruits of the inductive philosophy of Bacon.

CROMWELL.

 1599—1658.

*"The sages of usurpers, Cromwell—
Immortal rebel!"—BYRON.*

CHAMPION of English liberties! thy name
Rises mid splendid obloquy and fame.
On thee the guilt of thy great monarch's fate,
Martyr'd to feed thy fierce fanatic hate.
While, 'stead of "Right Divine to govern wrong,"
Extracting good from evils done too long.
Lasting the benefits thou hast design'd,
Leaving sure proof of a wise, lofty mind.

MILTON.

(No. 1.)

1608—1674.

"A genius universal as his theme;
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime."—THOMSON.

MAJESTIC Bard, what might is thine !
 Inspir'd thy song, thy theme divine.
 Lovely, as Eden's brightest bowers,
 Thy clustering poetic flowers :
 Of Paradise's Loss and Gain,
 Ne'er dream like thine, in such a wondrous strain.

MILTON.

(No. 2.)

1608—1674.

"Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
 And fed on manna."—COWPER.

MIGHTY lord of a thousand tones,*
 In thee not one thy lot bemoans ;
 Lost though the Paradise of sight,
 That of fair Eden bursts full bright
 On thy strong inward gaze, high strain'd :
 Now, too, in thee is 'Paradise Regain'd.'

* Alluding to the Poet's name.—*mil*, a thousand, *ton*, tone.

WALTON.

(No. 1.)

1593—1683.

"Give me mine angle; we'll to the river;
 I will betray
 Tawny finn'd fishes: my bended hook shall pierce
 Their slimy jaws."—SHAKESPEARE.

WHERE silvery streams in rippling music play,
 Angling along their banks, oft would'st thou stray,
 Losing thyself awhile in pleasant dreams,—
 Those quaintly simple, prose-poetic streams
 Of charming colloquy, refreshing, bright,
 Ne'er read, dear "honest Angler" save with new
 delight.

WALTON.

(No. 2.)

1593—1683.

"O who can tell how calm and sweet,
 Meek Walton shews thy green retreat."—KEBLE.

WHAT high and calm delight with thee to rove,
 Angling and musing by romantic Dove!
 Like thee, from city stir escap'd, to stray,
 "To do observance to a morn of May!"*
 Oh, when thou sought'st the quiet banks of Lee,
 No Angler's sport e'er match'd thy quaint good
 company.

* "Mids. Night's Dream."—i. 1.

BUNYAN.

 1628—1688.

"Ingenuous Dreamer! in whose well-told tale,
 Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;
 Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
 May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile."—COWPER.

B RIGHT star-like gem of mind sparkling from heaven!
 U tterance almost inspir'd to thee was given:
 N e'er allegory may with thine compare,
 Y outh it delights, refreshes age and care;
 A nd, e'en though bursting from a dungeon's gloom,
 N o flower of genius rare shall longer bloom.

 DRYDEN.

 1631—1700.

"Dryden taught to join
 In varying verse, the full resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine."—POPE.

D EEP rolls on deep in thy majestic line,
 R ich music and the stateliest march combine:
 Y et, who that hears its high harmonious strain,
 D eems not thy genius thou didst half profane?
 E xhausting thy great power of song on themes
 N ot worthy of its strong effulgent beams.

NEWTON.

 1642—1727.

"Nature, and Nature's laws, lay hid in night,
God said, Let Newton be! and all was light."—POPE.

NOT since this our Earth was plann'd,
E'er has been a mind so grand :—
What proud intellect could dream
Thy vast, yet nobly simple scheme?
O'er Science thy bright genius shone,
New worlds have sprung from our new-ton.*

* New style or system, as displayed in the great laws of gravitation, discovered by Newton.

ADDISON.

 1672—1719.

"A pure English style, familiar but not coarse,
elegant, but not ostentatious."—JOHNSON.

AMID the Augustan days of good Queen Anne,—
Days rich in wits and poets—thy keen mind
Delighted o'er our English life to scan,
Its dress in thy pure page how chaste, refin'd.
Shrewd satirist thou, '*spectator*' humourous, wise;
O see the good old Knight, Sir Roger, rise!
No *essay* of fine fancy like to that, e'er dies.

WREN.

 1632—1723.

"Si monumentum queris, circumspice!"

WHAT nobler sacred fane, or prouder dome,
 Rises sublime in mighty majesty;
 Excelling all, save that of haughty Rome!—
 No fitter monument than this—to thee.

DE FOE.

 1663—1731.

"A Daniel, yea a Daniel."—SHAKESPEARE.

DEAR to our memory thy delightful book,
 Enchanting fiction, lov'd from boyhood's days.
 Friend Crusoe, Poll, man Friday, seem to look
 On us: we view them with a fond amaze;
 Endless is still their charm, endless shall be thy praise.

POPE

 1688—1744.

“Pope's pure strain
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain.”—BYRON.

PERFECTION marks the music of thy verse,
Of style how finish'd, how mellifluous, terse !
Poet with thee in polish ne'er may cope,
E'en faultless thou—of song thou art our *Pope*.

THOMSON.

(No. 1.)

 1700—1748.

“Long, long, sweet Poet of the Year,
Shall bloom the wreath thou well hast won ;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.”—BURNS.

THY ‘Seasons’ never out of season are,
Howe'er rude Time or change may fashion mar ;
Oft as Spring's budding beauties reappear,
Matur'd by Summer—glory of the year,
Season'd by mellowing Autumn, ere they die,
Only to spring anew, when Winter frosts go by,
Ne'er does thy memory rise, but O, how *seasonably* !

THOMSON.

(No. 2.)

1700—1748.

"Who void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On Virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain."—LORD LYTTLTON.

TUNING thy harp once more, ere hush'd for aye—
Harp as of Æolus by some lone shore,
On the charm'd sense what strains melodious play!
Murmuring sweet sounds, such as through Dreamland
pour;
Soft as the voice of love when lovers stray,
Or wild as echoing horn from tower of yore:
Now from the Enchanted Hall are heard these strains
no more.

HANDEL.

1684—1759.

"Remember Handel? Who, that was not born
Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,
Or can, the more than Homer of his age?"—COWPER.

HIGHEST of heaven-born Music's holy band!
Angelic strains outpouring, solemn, grand.
N e'er will the pealing, swelling organ roll
Diviner harmony upon the soul.
E'en now "Messiah" reigns supreme—in thee,
Lofty as Eden's song* of noblest melody.

* Paradise Lost.

YOUNG.

 1684—1765.

"Not Milton more magnificently sung
Great scenes, great actions, than great musings, Young."

REV. T. GREENFIELD.

YEARS, like the day, now bright, now dark, have roll'd
O'er the great visions thy 'Night Thoughts' unfold—
Unnumber'd worlds, immortal themes among—
Night's glorious scenes, by thee how nobly sung!
Genius Miltonic thine,—to live for ever—*Young!*

 COLLINS.

 1720—1756.

"And Melancholy mark'd him for her own."—GRAY.

CAN we than this a higher tribute pay?—
Odes that might well be envied by a Gray
Like thine are not.—'The Passions' stir again,
Living, in all their strength, in thy rich strain.
In direst woe thy closing day was pass'd,
Not ting'd with hues, by thee o'er 'Evening' cast.
See thee, 'in moody madness laughing wild'—at last!

LINNÆUS.

 1707—1778.

"Deus creavit, Linnæus disposuit."

LIKE troops array'd, thy floral armies rise,
 In regiments, battalions, companies.
 No flower but has its nice distinctive name,
 Nor reason why in its due rank it came,
 Æolus its fresh beauty well may claim.
 Under Acrostic riddle that I sing,
 See the great Swede, our fam'd botanic king.

 AKENSIDE.

 1721—1770.

"And Akenside on wings of rapture soar'd,
 And high in heaven the Eternal Mind adored."—HERAUD.

ARDENT thy youthful fancy, and its joys
 Kindle thy genius with "a muse of fire."
 Each form of beauty that thy pen employs,
 Ne'er ceases to delight, can never tire:
 Sublime thy deep philosophy of Mind;
 Imagination's charms thee early won;
 Divinest music in thy verse we find;
 E'en sage Hygeia boasts in thee a son.

GRAY.

 1716—1771.

"*Limæ labor.*"—HORACE.

"*A Poet's rapture in the lyre of Gray.*"—MASON.

GREAT "Bard in little!"* while the old and young,
 Round Churchyard tower and yew, shall loitering stray,
 Amid the choicest of the sons of song,
 Yes, thou shalt live, O elegiac Gray.

* "*His picture in little.*"—HAMLET II. 2.

 JOHNSON.

No. 1.

 1709—1784.

"While words of learned length and thundering sound,
 Amass'd the gazing hearers rang'd around."—GOLDSMITH.

JUSTLY entitled our great moral sage,
 Of literature our Giant. In thy page
 How ponderous is the massiveness of thought;
 None in more nervous diction e'er has taught.
 Still, too, the lexicographer's vast store
 Of wordy wisdom, we through thee explore.
 No greater yet than thou has been the wide world o'er.

JOHNSON.

(No. 2.)

1709—1784.

“Johnson, with all thy faults I love thee still.”—COWPER, *adapted*.

J UST like a whale among the smaller fry,
 O r porpoise floundering unwieldily,
 H uge as leviathan, now rough as bear,
 N ow noble as a lion in his lair.
 S o wert thou ; yet no like to thee I ween,
 O r heart more warm and soft has e'er been seen.
 N o greater, nobler *John—son* of John Bull, has been.

FRANKLIN.

1706—1790.

“Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.”—POPE.

F A T H E R of Britain's mightiest offspring thou !
 R ising to Freedom's pride of place till now ;
 A merica owes half her strength to thee ;
 N o pomp of state, but conscious majesty.
 K een, hard, sound sense, with simple honest worth,
 L ifted thee to high power from lowly birth ;
 I n all thou didst, proofs of a firm clear mind,
 N ot polish'd, but self-taught, with energy immense
we find.

BOSWELL.

(No. 1.)

1740—1795.

"A chiel's among you takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll print 'em."—BURNS.

B USY, vain, and bustling Bozzy,
O nly rivalled by Piozzi;
S nubbed and bullied by thy master,
W riting all he spoke the faster:
E 'en like the chiel, still takin' note, sir,
L ike a pert ape drest in a coat, sir.
L ook! see the Great Well-Known!—Too like!—for
Bozzy wrote, sir.

BOSWELL.

(No. 2.)

1740—1795.

"O Jemmy Boswell, Jemmy Boswell O."—THOMSON, *parodied*.

B LUSTERING round our burly sage,
O nly toadying was thy rage,
S eeking even to get kick'd,
W ith every monkey antic trick'd.
E ver in motley thine to be,
L aughed at for thy garrulity,
L isten'd to yet with joy to all posterity.

Should this good natured ridicule be thought over-severe, the reader may consult Mr. Macaulay's review of Croker's edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson with advantage.

CHATTERTON.

1752—1770.

"The marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride."—WORDSWORTH.

CAN we e'er think on thee, nor sorrow know ?
How sad thy lot 'midst penury and care !
A brief bright hour to a dark day of woe,
That early closes in night's black despair !
Thou stain'dst thy genius by deception's arts,
Ever detracting from thy rightful fame,
Rousing up foes, and adding to thy smarts :
Till madness drove thee to a death of shame :
O hapless boy ! poor, starv'd, neglected one,
Now dost thou live again—Bristowa's wondrous son !

GOLDSMITH.

1730—1777.

"Nullam quod tetigit non ornavit."—JOHNSON.

GOLD ne'er was refined more rich and more pure,
Only see what our *Goldsmith* has wrought, to be sure ;
Look at 'sweet Auburn's' scenes, so refreshing and
bright,

Deserted no more, ever view'd with delight ;
See his 'Traveller' himself, and his 'Hermit,' and then
More ease, grace, and finish, you'll scarce meet again ;
In his 'Vicar' what charming simplicity shines,
Truth with naïveté, while pathos with humour combines ;
He gilds all he touches, the dross he refines.

HOWARD.

 1726—1790.

“And here can I forget the generous band,
 Who touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?”—THOMSON.

How noble those brave few, who, taught by thee,
 O'er the foul dens of crime and misery,
 Where pin'd the prisoner in his dungeon lone,
 Angelic beams of mercy now have thrown;
 Rescuing from dire disease, despair's dark fears.
 Divine—philanthropy like this appears.

GARRICK.

 1716—1799.

“Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
 An abridgement of all that is pleasant in man.”—GOLDSMITH.

G RAVE or gay alike to thee,
 A s Tragedy or Comedy.
 Reynolds paints thee by both won,
 Rival to thyself alone.
 In Shakspeare thou didst all excel:
 Comic with Tragic art in thee did dwell,
 Kindred to mighty Will's, whom thou didst love so well

REYNOLDS.

1723—1792.

"There touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature views
Her fairest forms reflected."—COWPER.

RARE Painter ! whose unequall'd skill could trace
Each light and shadow of the changeful face ;
Young 'Samuel's,' now, beaming with piety,
Now the proud 'Banish'd Lord's' dark misery,
Or 'Ugolino's' ghastly visage, wild,
Looking stern horror on each starving child :
Delights not less of social sort were thine,
Such as with Burke, or e'en with Johnson shine.

PHILIDOR.

1726—1795.

"Full craftyer to play he was
Than Athalus, that made the game
First of the Chesse ; so was his name."—CHAUCER.

PRINCELIEST of heroes of the chequer'd field,—
Highest in name and fame, born ne'er to yield !
In genius foremost in Caissa's realm ;
Like thee, O could we all our foes o'erwhelm !
Intent on conquering in the bloodless fight,
Dar'd many an envious rival, test thy might,
O fttimes, and yet as oft in the calm strife,
Right royally thou reign'dst through all thy *chequer'd*
life !

BURKE.

 1730—1797.

"His imperial fancy has laid all Nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation, and every walk of Art."

ROBERT HALL.

B RILLIANT thy genius 'mongst a brilliant throng;
 U nique thy eloquence of pen and tongue;
 R rome's Tully loftier flights could scarce command,
 K indling thy soul to thoughts that matchless stand,
 E ver sublime and beautiful and grand.

BURNS.

 1759—1796.

"The Bard who walk'd in glory and in joy,
 Following his plough, along the mountain side."—WORDSWORTH.

B RIGHTEST thy genius, Scotia's bards among,
 U ttering pure Nature's voice in untaught song,
 R are ploughman—by the bonnie Doon of Ayr,
 N o strains so sweet have been as thou pour'dst there;
 S imple, pathetic, humourous; aye, beyond compare.

COWPER.

(No. 1.)

1731—1800.

"Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires,
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease."—*Pope*.

CHARMING Poet, who could ask
Of bard a more delightful 'Task'?
Who so rich a treat provide,—
Picture so rare as Gilpin's ride?
Ever charming was thy life,
Retir'd from all the world's hot strife.

COWPER.

(No. 2.)

1731—1800.

"I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness."—*The Task*.

CAST down mysteriously by chastening Heaven,
Of pleasant, peaceful days to thee were given,
When mid those quiet scenes by reedy Ouse,
Poetic flights or sportings of thy Muse
Enliven'd all; whilst in this *task* we see
Rear'd a bright lasting monument to thee.

BEATTIE.

 1735—1803.

“To sit on rocks, and muse o’er flood and fell,—

This is not solitude, ’tis but to hold
Converse with Nature’s charms’ and see her stores unroll’d.”—BYRON.

BARD of the meditative ‘Minstrel’ boy,
Edwin, who found in Nature his sole love,
A mid her wildest scenes his highest joy,
There, lost in pensive mood, alone to rove:
To paint his artless life was thy employ,
In sweetest strains of melody,—to prove
Each deep emotion that his soul did move.

Dr. Beattie’s ‘Essay on Truth’ reminds us of the following excellent anagram on Pilate’s question, ‘*Quid est Veritas*’—*est ver qui adest*.

HUBER.

 1750—1801.

“So work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.”—SHAKESPEARE.

How keen thy vision, e’en though reft of sight!
Using with double power the mind’s clear light:
Bees, and their hives, thy curious ken has scann’d,
Each cell, with geometric wisdom plann’d.
Rich stores of honey’d knowledge thus at thy command.

PARK.

 1771—1806.

"The loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast,
The white man yielded to the blast."—*African ditty.*

PATIENT enthusiast Traveller! friendless, lone,
A mid fierce Afric wilds intent to explore,
R egardless e'en of death; charms, all thine own,
K indle a mournful joy, as o'er thy page we pore.

NELSON.

 1758—1805.

"To him as to the burning levin,
Short, brief, resistless course was given."—SCOTT.

N EVER beat a heart more brave,
E ngland's glory born to save.
L ike the red lightning's fearful flash,
S o—'gainst our foes the deadly crash
O n that great day of Trafalgar!
N o nobler death than thine—in war!

The following anagram by Dr. Burney may be here given. Horatio
Nelson—*Honor est a Nilo.*

SCHILLER.

 1759—1805.

"The Bard's aim is to give us thoughts ; his art
 Lieth in giving them as bright as may be."—*BAILEY'S FESTUS.*

SHAKSPEARE of Germany in Tragic Art !
 Classic in style, yet form'd to rouse the heart.
 Historian, poet, dramatist, combin'd ;
 In genius lofty, ardent in thy mind.
 Longings and aspirations deep and high,
 Like thy great patriot Tell's, for liberty,
 Excited thee to take the foremost stand,
 Rang'd with the master-spirits of thy land.

JENNER.

 1749—1816.

"Great Jenner, victor over beauty's foe."—*HERAUD.*

JUSTLY in grateful memory shalt thou live,
 Exalted high on the bright roll of Fame ;
 Noblest discovery thou to us didst give,
 None from mankind more honour well may claim :
 E'en saving myriads of the human kind ;—
 Rescue from loathsome death through thee they now
 may find.

Dr. Jenner made his great discovery of Vaccination in the year 1798.

PITT.

 1759—1806.

"Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise."—SCOTT.

PRINCELY thou wert in mind, like thy great sire,
Intent on loftiest aims with soul of fire ;
T o serve thy country nobly, raise her fame,
T he dread Usurper check, gives glory to thy name.

WATT.

 1736—1819.

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd steam, afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car."—DARWIN, 1780.

WHO could such magic marvels dream
As thou hast wrought through wondrous steam ?
T his mighty power, on sea—on land,
T hy mightier genius could command.

NAPOLEON.

1769—1821.

"Conqueror and Captive of the world wert thou."—BYRON.

NATIONS have rued the day when thou wast born,
 Ambition was thy God—mad lust of power :
 Pride, heartless selfishness, and cynic scorn,
 O'er thee held sway, and were thy hateful dower.
 Like the dread lion springing on his prey,
 Empires to thee were things to o'erwhelm at will.
 Oh, were it not for Waterloo's great day,
 Not e'en, perchance, had ceas'd that thirst of conquest
still.

The following anagram is worthy of insertion :—Napoleon Bonaparte,
 "No, appear not on Elba!"

J. P. KEMBLE.

1757—1823.

"At once ennobled and correct,
 His mind surveyed the Tragic page,
 And what the actor could effect,
 The scholar could presage."—CAMPBELL.

KIND Nature generously bestow'd on thee
 Excelling dignity in tragedy,
 Making thee worthy of thy sister queen—
 Bright fitting pair in high Shakspearian scene.
 Look! see thy Hamlet, such as Lawrence* drew :
 England no princelier Actor e'er may view.

* Kemble as Hamlet in the National Gallery.

BYRON.

 1788—1824.

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."—GRAY.

BURNING words and breathing thought!
 Yes! thy flashing genius wrought.
 Radiant now as meteor bright,
 Or comet-like with rushing might,
 Now, beclouded, as black night.

DAVY.

 1779—1829.

"Here Nature opens all her secret springs,
 And Heaven-born Science plumes her eagle wings."

DEEP in the mine of science didst thou dive,
 At real things, not theories, bent to arrive,
 Veins of rich ore extracting. Genius' stamp,
 Years yet to come, shall mark thy 'Safety Lamp.'

SIDDONS.

 1755—1831.

"Oh there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And sister magic came."—CAMPBELL.

S TATELY thy person, queen-like in thy mien,
In Tragedy no like to thee has been :
D eepest emotions stirring in each heart,
D read awe at ' Lady Macbeth's ' murderous part.
O who that saw thy ' Desdemona's ' woes,
N or wept !—or ' Constance ' in her anguish'd throes !
S ublime thy genius in our Shakspeare rose !

CRABBE.

 1754—1832.

"Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best."—BYRON.

C OPIST of Nature—simply, sternly true,—
R eal the scenes that in thy page we view.
"A mid the huts where poor men lie" unknown,
B right humour, or deep pathos thou hast thrown.
B ard of the ' Borough ' and the ' Village,' see
E 'en haughty Byron owns he's charm'd by thee.

WALTER SCOTT.

No. 1.

1771—1832.

"He did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted."—SHAKESPEARE.

WONDROUS Wizard of the North,
Arm'd with spells of potent worth!
Like to that greatest Bard of ours,
The mighty magic of thy powers;
E'en thy bright fancy's offspring find
Resemblance to his myriad mind.

Such the creations that we see,—
Character, manners, life in thee—
Of Scotia's deeds a proud display,
The glories of a bygone day;
Thy genius foremost stands in all her long array.

SCOTT.

(No. 2.)

1771—1832.

" the Ariosto of the North
Sang ladye love, and war, romance, and knightly worth."—BYRON.

SCOTIA well may proudly boast,
Claiming thee—thyself a host;
O'er her hills, in every dell,
Thy stirring verse shall fondly dwell,
Thy tales of old Romance thy sons shall love to tell.

1749—1833.

G ENIUS of Fatherland ! how great thy name !
O'er Zollverein it reigns with widest fame,
Excelling all beside : in thee we see
T he philosophic page of poetry,
H olding high thought above mere fancy's flights,
E nriching, while it adds deeper and new delights.

COLERIDGE.

1773—1834.

COULD we have heard that high impassion'd strain
OF eloquence and poetry,—which oft
Lapp'd thy charm'd listeners in Elysium,—then
Entranc'd thyself—rais'd all the soul aloft,
Ravish'd our ears had doubtless been : and when,
IN lieu of wildering metaphysic maze,
Dreamy sweet melodies of song again
Gush forth, like sparkling streams,—those brighter
 lays
Enchant the ear far more, far worthier of our praise.

LAMB.

 1775—1834.

"He carried a boy's heart with him to the grave."

LIKE the bright impress of thy genial mind,
 Are 'Elia's' essays, humourous, gay, refin'd :
 Most amiable wert thou, gentle, brave,
 Burying all thought of self, as in a living grave.*

* Alluding to Charles Lamb's devotion to his sister Mary during her insanity.

SOUTHEY.

(No. 1.)

 1774—1843.

"Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends."—BYRON.

SERENELY bright thy life's pure stream did glide,
 On sweet romantic Derwentwater's side,
 Under great Skiddaw—there, in Epic lays,
 Thou dream'd'st a poet's dreams of olden days.
 How Madoc wander'd o'er the Atlantic wave,
 Eastern Kehama, Roderic the brave ;
 Years cannot from our fondest memory lave.

1774—1843.

SOUND wisdom guided thy prolific pen,
O'er many a wide review of books and men.
Uttering bright thoughts in purest flowing prose;—
The glorious deeds of 'Nelson' 'gainst our foes :
How 'Wesley' liv'd—and 'Cowper's' mournful close.
Exalted though thy great poetic name,
Yet does thy perfect prose add lustre to thy fame.

CAMPBELL.

1777—1844.

CAMP-like and stirring are thy martial lays,
And nobly dost thou sound our Nelson's praise :
Music melodious as e'er bard did sing,
Pours in love's wild romance, through thy sweet
'Wyoming.'

B Brightest and best thy joys of 'Hope,' that throw
E Ever a cheering gleam o'er all our woe.
L Like thee in finish'd grace how few have been !
L Like angel-visit's rare and far between.*

* The oft-quoted line of Campbell "Like angel-visits few and far between," is imitated from Blair's grave.—

Like those of angels, short and far between."

HOOD.

 1798—1845.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."—POPE.

HUMOURIST most witty, and most comic bard !
 Oft didst thou yet deep tragic pathos throw
 O'er crime, and horror, misery keen and hard ;
 Despair's dire pangs, or lonely grief to show.

Alluding to the striking Ballads 'Eugene Aram,' 'Song of the Shirt,'
 'Pauper's Funeral,' &c.

 CHALMERS.

 1780—1847.

"Dear Chalmers ! great in powers, but these above,
 Great in devotion, holiness, and love."—REV. T. GRINFIELD.

CHEERFUL, hospitable, kind,
 Highest in the rank of mind,
 Among thy Scotia's wise and good,
 Loving to scatter heavenly food :
 Most warm-hearted, generous, mild,
 Ever humble as a child,
 Real welcome didst thou give,
 Such from thee did I receive.

WORDSWORTH.

 1770—1850.

"My lot has lain in scenes sublime and rude,
Where still devoutly I have serv'd and sought
The Power Divine that dwells in solitude."—SOUTHEY.

WANDERING, through many a year, 'mongst Cumbria's
hills,

O'er her wild fells, sweet vales, and sunny lakes,
Rich stores of thought thy musing mind distils,
Day-dreams of poesy thy soul awakes :—
Such was thy life—a poet's life, I ween ;
Worshipper thou of Nature ! every scene
Of beauty stirr'd thy fancy's deeper mood,
Reflection calm'd the current of thy blood :
Thus in the wide 'Excursion' of thy mind
High thoughts in *words* of *worth* we still may find.

 PEEL.

 1788—1850.

"The obedient passions on thy voice attend,
And e'en reluctant party feels awhile
Thy gracious power."—THOMSON.

PRIDE of our patriot politician band,
Enlighten'd orator—form'd to command :
E'en causing rancorous party-strife to yield ;
Living to see fierce faction's laws repeal'd.

WELLINGTON.

 1769—1852.

"See history write
With a pencil of light,
The page that illumines her Wellington's names."—MOORE.

WHAT time the Corsican appear'd on earth,
Erin was blest in thy far nobler birth.
Like to thy deeds, what brilliant crimes dare vie?
Looking to Duty's call with steadfast eye.
In war thou stand'st the first on history's page;
Nor e'en in peace wast found less calmly sage:
Great Captain! of thyself great Conqueror, too:
Thy triumphs ceas'd not with proud Waterloo.
On to green age thy simple grandeur rose,
Ne'er dimm'd or tarnish'd to thy life's calm close.

 MOORE.

 1780—1852.

"The Poet of all circles, and the idol of his own."—BYRON.

MORE melody of verse, with music more sweet,
O'er the senses ne'er stole than in thee we meet;
O favour'd of bards, sung by lady so fair,
Regaling our ears with some soft Irish air,
Enlivening our hearts, and drowning all care.

WILSON.

 1788—1854.

"The world is full of glorious likenesses,
The poet's power is to sort these out."—BAILEY'S *FESTUS*.

WHEN shall we look upon thy like again?
In a fine frenzy dashing, thy bright pen,
Lively with wit, full of a poet's fire,
Smit with the love of Nature's wild attire,
O'er mountain, moor, and loch now loves to rove,
Now, in day-dreams, which 'night's ambrosial'* prove.

* The 'Recreations of Christopher North,' and the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,'
are among Professor Wilson's best productions.

 ROGERS.

 BORN 1762.

"And thou, melodious Rogers! rise at last,
Recall the pleasing Memory of the past!"—BYRON.

RIVALLING the Bard of Hope,
Or e'en in smoothness, polish'd Pope;
Graceful is thy 'Memory,'
Enchanting thy fair 'Italy;'
Rare thy skill in fancy's strife,
Sweet thy pictur'd 'Human Life.'

BROUGHAM.

 BORN 1779.

"Here measur'd laws, and philosophic ease,
Fix and improve the polish'd arts of peace."—GRAY.

B RIGHTEST among the stars of these our days,
R are versatility thy mind displays ;
O'er science glancing with a searching eye,
U seful results to teach, knowledge to simplify :
G enius and eloquence of pen and tongue,
H ave rais'd thee, Britain's foremost few among ;
A midst the Bar thou reign'dst supreme, and still
M id senates all before thee sweep'st at will.

 IRVING.

 BORN 1783.

"I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of human kind."—BEATTIE.

I N easy, natural, graceful charm of style,
R esembling Goldy's 'Vicar,'—free from guile ;
V ein of rich humour through thy 'Sketch-book' flows,
I magination her bright colours shows.
N o equal hast thou 'mongst thy brother band,
G enial thy soul, worthy our own lov'd land.

DE QUINCEY.

BORN 1784.

"Benumbing Opium, as my only cure."—MILTON.

DEEP draughts of Opiate bliss and woe were thine;
Eloquent ravings flash, and o'er the picture shine.

Quiet to restless bosoms is a hell,—
Utterance of one who knew the truth full well:—
In youth this gnawing fire thou sought'st to quell,
Not by ambition high, adventure bold,—
Charm'd spells of opium thee her slave enroll'd,
E'en as by syren sorceries beguil'd;
Yet rests thy fame on that delirium wild.

MACREADY.

BORN 1793.

"Farewell, Macready! moral, grave, sublime.
Our Shakspeare's bland and universal eye
Dwells pleas'd, through twice a hundred years on thine."—TENNYSON.

MASTER Tragedian! worthy all our praise.
Action and utterance such as bygone days
Could oftener boast, were thine. Need we but name
Roman 'Virginius?' while our Shakspeare's fame
Ever 'twas thy chief joy and pride to uprear,
And give us back 'Macbeth, Othello, Lear.'
Delight to thousands oft thou gav'st, and now
Years of calm letter'd ease 'tis thine to know.

HOLMAN.

BORN 1786.

"A traveller!
Yes, I have gain'd my experience."—SHAKESPEARE.

How little hast thou felt thy darken'd lot!
O'er seas, o'er lands, still wandering far and wide,
Looking through other's eyes on each fam'd spot;
Making the ear and touch view all on every side.
A round thee gathering ever fresh delight,
Not for thyself alone, but given to our pleas'd sight.

Several interesting volumes of Travels have been published during the last thirty years, by this celebrated blind traveller. "Travels through France and Italy, 1822;" "Travels in Russia, Siberia, &c., 1825:" &c. Mr. James Holman has recently returned from six years circumnavigation of the globe.

KNIGHT.

BORN 1795.

"Knowledge is power."—BACON.

KNOWLEDGE diffusing of most useful kind,
Not for the favour'd few, but striving many,
In philanthropic energy of mind
Gives thee a place scarcely surpass'd by any;
Handing thee down 'mongst *knights* of prouder name.
Thine, too, the praise of spreading Shakspeare's fame.

MACAULAY.

 BORN 1800.

"Books are a part of man's prerogative."

MASTERLY critic! in whose brilliant style,
 And rich historic colouring—breathes again—
 Cloth'd in most picturesque costume the while,—
 All the dim past, with all its bustling train.
 Under this vivid, eloquent painting, see,
 Life given anew to our old history's page;
 And in thy stirring ballad poetry,
 Youth's dreams of antient Rome once more our minds
 engage.

LONGFELLOW.

 BORN 1807.

"'Tis our being's inborn tone
 To strive for ever up and on."—GOETHE'S 'FAUST.'

LAYS like thine have many a charm;
 Oft thy themes the heart must warm.
 Now, o'er Slavery's guilt and woes,
 Grief and shame's deep hues it throws;
 Far up Alpine heights is heard
 'Excelsior,' now the stirring word;
 'Life's Psalm' now, onwards is inviting,
 Longings for nobler deeds exciting:
 O'er Britain now resounds thy name,
 While 'States unborn' shall swell thy fame.

TENNYSON.

 BORN 1810.

"His soul is tun'd like an Æolian harp
 Among whose strings the rash and vulgar wind
 Learns music, and transforms its blustering breath
 To an articulate melody."—F. BARHAM.

THY verse is like rich music to the ear;
 Elegant, tender, sweet, thy varied lays :
 Now, soft as lute, or as the clarion clear,
 Now, pensive as some song of olden days.
 Young fancy revels in thy poet dreams,
 Steep'd in such melody of words as none
 Of elder laureate bards have pour'd—it seems
 Now, like Æolian strains from breezy zephyrs won.

 DICKENS.

 BORN 1812.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."—SHAKESPEARE.

DELIGHTFUL Novelist! lov'd by youth and age,
 In 'many-colour'd life' how rich thy page!
 Comic, pathetic scenes alike to thee;
 Kindliest benevolence in all we see,
 Ennobling humble worth, and struggling poverty.
 No sickly sentimental trash we find;
 Sweet sympathy pervades thy bright, thy glowing mind.

PRINCE ALBERT.

 BORN 1819.

"And the Prince of all the land
Led them on."—CAMPBELL.

"Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great."—SHAKESPEARE.

ACCOMPLISH'D Prince! from whose æsthetic mind,
Like Hamlet's, philosophic and refin'd,
Burst the bright vision of that Palace fair,
Enchanting wondering nations gather'd there :
Rare favourite of fortune! well, I ween,
Thou art fit consort, worthy of our Queen.

 VICTORIA.

BORN 1819, BEGAN TO REIGN 1837.

"God save our gracious Queen,
Long may VICTORIA reign,
God save the Queen."

VARIED and vast the blessings of thy reign!
In peaceful arts of triumphs a bright train!
Could we a grander sight desire to see,
Than nations gather'd in such rivalry,
Or, than a people—his last victory won—
Rang'd round the tomb of glorious Wellington?
In war, too, now, with our old foe allied!—
Arts, arms, and VICTORY, are England's pride.



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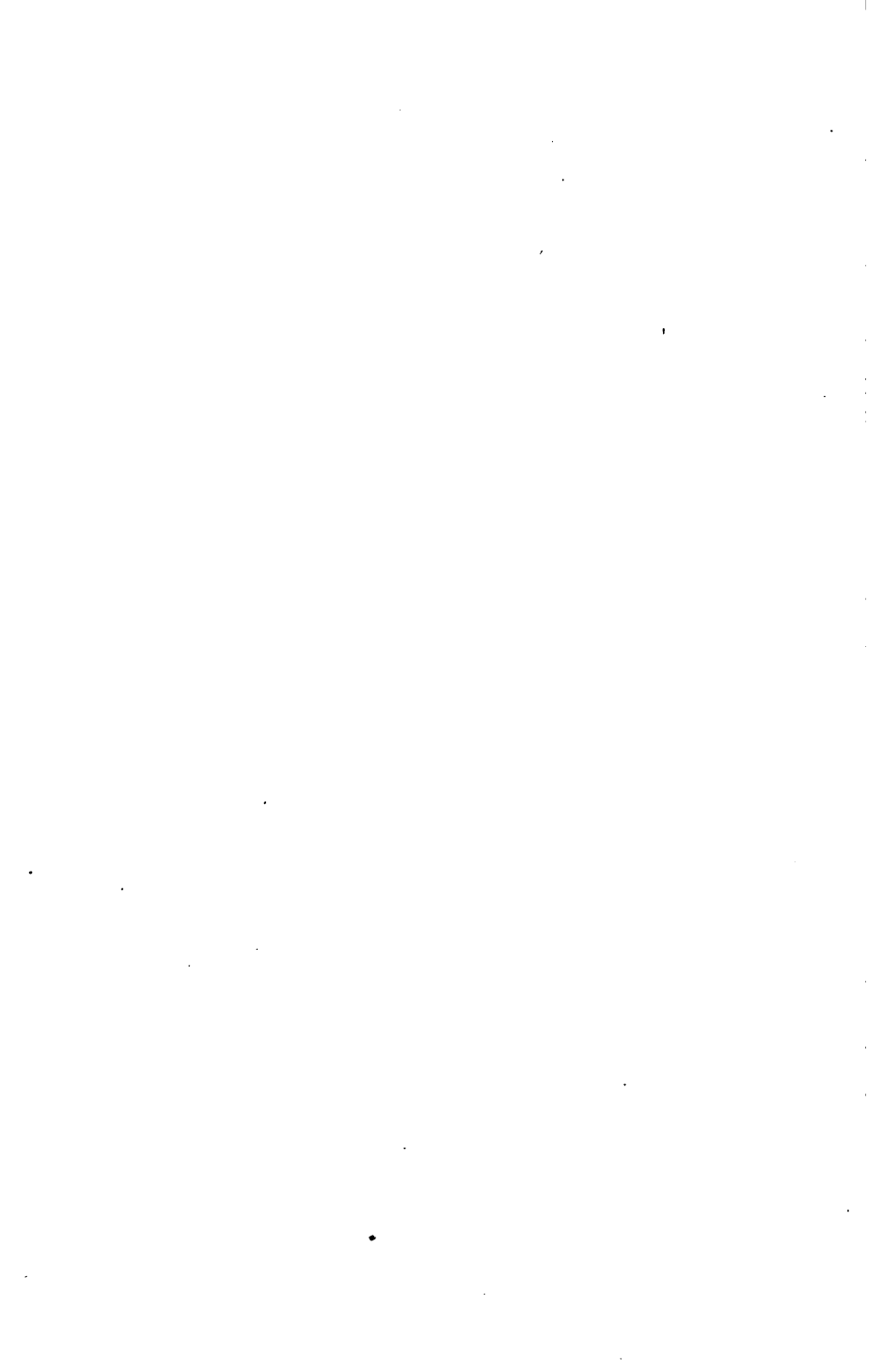
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